

Puck

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THE NEW COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY.

FIRST DRUMMER.—I am representing the Thunderbolt Rain-Producing Company—our showers last two hours and twenty minutes, and we make a sample shower free of charge!

SECOND DRUMMER.—Let me take your order, sir, for the Aquarius Artificial Rain-Making Company—our rain is superior to anything in the market, and we give a silk umbrella and a pair of overshoes with every shower!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.

\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, September 9th, 1891. — No. 757.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"Great captains, with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgement for the hour,
But at last silence comes."

IT is easy to walk by the side of the regiment. The band blares and thunders, and thrills our veins, and keeps our feet falling in time; the banners and guidons stream and flutter in the pulsing air; the sun glitters on the bright ranks of guns; the officers' side-arms flash and clink, and all life seems to go to a brave and martial tune. We are in no mood for carping criticism. We take the bright show for what it seems to be. Our soldiers are the most courageous, the best disciplined, the most awe-inspiring in the world; they are marching straight on the path to victory; all will be well and the glory of battle will be ours—and so, up with our hats and let us cheer for the fight that is as good as won! And a curse on him who stands aloof and points to ragged lines, to narrow chests under the gold lace, to ill-kept arms and inadequate munitions; who tells us that we are on the wrong road, and that defeat lies nearer than victory! His are a traitor's fears: let us shut our ears to his warnings—have we not the brass band to listen to?

And yet suppose that some counselor in whom the late Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, had confidence had said to him, in 1870: "Your grand army is as poor as it is brave; it has the greatest courage and the most devoted patriotism; but it is a rotten organization. Its officers do not know their business; its weapons are behind the times; its whole system of commissary and equipment is in the hands of a gang of thieves; it is utterly unfit to go to war, and if it matches itself with Prussia, defeat is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun." Suppose that Louis Napoleon had heard and heeded such a counselor. He or his son might be sitting on the throne of France to-day. And who, think you, would be the patriot, in his eyes, and who the traitor, judging between the man who told the bitter and pitiless truth and the man who, as officer or as contractor, bragged of the glories of the Grande Armée and failed in his duty to the state? It seems quite clear to us now, looking back on this old story, this historical episode ended and done with forever. But it was not so clear or so simple a choice then. It would have taken far more courage to tell a headstrong sovereign a tedious series of painful facts than it took to put the government's pay in one's pocket and swindle the government or idle about in gold lace and brass buttons while the Prussians were making the map of Europe.



THOUGHT IT WAS A SERENADE.

ALDERMAN SCHMITT (the night after his election).—
Dank you, mein goot friends, for dot kindt surprise.
Von't you all come in und dake somedings?

There is no higher type of patriot than the man who is willing to give to the service of his country not only his enthusiasm, his interest, his affection, but his tried and unbiased judgement. Compared with this, it is an easy thing to give one's life. The willingness to risk his life is a part of every brave man's birthright. The act of giving it may take no more than a moment of exaltation. Men die in battle who have but a thought more courage than the men who run away from the smell of the villainous saltpetre. When we look at men who have died thus, we realize the fact that it may take a very little courage only to yield up one's life—though it may, with other, better, and braver men, take a mighty deal.

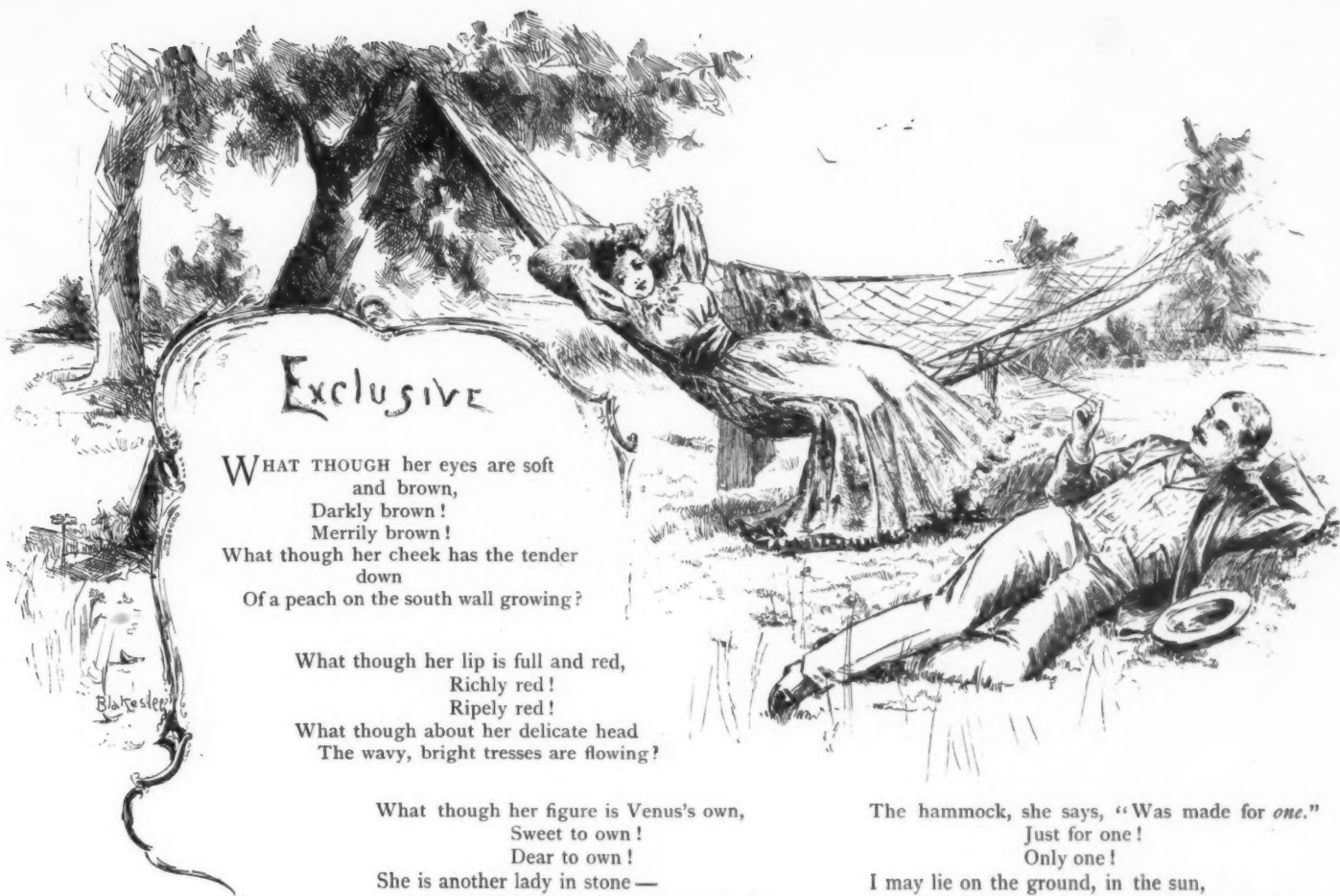
But whether it be easy or hard to die for one's country, this is certain that it is hard indeed to serve her with a constant and faithful service that is to be rewarded with frowns and jeers and revilings when it is hardest, and with smiles and praise only when the need of encouragement and help is past. Such is his lot who gives to his country his judgement: his careful, honest thought: the weight and measure of his experience, his learning and his whole mental strength, caring not to please but to serve. His is the duty, six days out of any seven, of preaching to his people patience, sacrifice, self-control, mercy in triumph, justice in the hour of anger. How the world rewards such preachers there is little need to tell. A few words on brass or marble tell the story of a laggard gratitude that adorns a tomb to atone for its neglect of a long-laboring lifetime.

Some day, long hence, men will cut the branches of the straggling hornbeam that shades James Russell Lowell's grave, and they will raise above his dust a monument to a pure and unselfish patriot, whose noblest service to his country was that, for joy or sorrow, for good or evil fortune, in fair days or in dark, he told her the truth as he saw it, with a vision that he had trained a lifetime through for such service, with no thought of fear and with no hope of favor, patient and calm when she found the truth unwelcome and treated the teller as a bearer of false tidings; not elated nor meanly triumphant when time proved him to have been in the right long before an arrogant majority had learned the import of the message he had faithfully delivered to unwilling ears.

Ah, how easy it is to walk in step with the regiment! Ah, how hard it is to stand still while the music is playing, and tell the hurrying crowds that blue and gold uniforms can not help a bad plan of campaign, and that guns and drums can not thunder an unrighteous cause into righteousness! That was the duty in which our dead friend best served the country which he loved as well as any man who ever died for her. He gave to her the best that he had—a judgement clear and strong, trained to its best issues by years of patient, humble, unwearied toil and study. It was his happy fate to use his fine mind as a patriotic support of his nation in the days of her greatest trial, and to win fame and love and trust for his work. But it was also his task to have to repeat, in days of doubt and darkness, the truths that men were unwilling to accept, and in this task he never faltered. When, in his best judgement, it was his duty to protest against a war which he held unjust and unwise; against an "institution" which claimed a sanctity derived direct from God, he did his duty as he saw it, told the truth as he knew it, was content to be in a minority with the right, and helped his fellow-men best when he pleased the most of them least. He would not proclaim peace when there was no peace; he would not say that evil was good because men held it good: he had trained his judgement for the use and behoof of his countrymen, and he held it as a trust, to be administered, for what it was worth, and for all that it was worth, as it might best help others. The men who had most profited by his foresight and wisdom turned upon him, when, in later years, he rebuked their self-seeking and their sordid ambitions; but even in those late years he was neither weary enough, nor fearful enough to shrink from denouncing what he clearly saw was wrong, nor from giving his testimony for the right, whatever friend or foe found to say of his honest self.

When his monument is raised where the hornbeam's boughs now spread, let his own words be his epitaph. So may a true and modest patriot speak of himself:

If I let fall a word of bitter mirth
When public shames more shameful pardon won,
Some have misjudged me, and my service done,
If small, yet faithful, deemed of little worth:
Through veins that drew their blood from Western earth
Two hundred years and more my blood hath run
In no polluted course from sire to son;
And thus was I predestined ere my birth
To love the soil wherewith my fibres own
Instinctive sympathies; yet love it so
As honor would, nor lightly to dethrone
Judgement, the stamp of manhood, nor forego
The son's right to a mother dearer grown
With growing knowledge and more chaste than snow.



Exclusive

WHAT THOUGH her eyes are soft
and brown,
Darkly brown!
Merrily brown!
What though her cheek has the tender
down
Of a peach on the south wall growing?

What though her lip is full and red,
Richly red!
Ripely red!
What though about her delicate head
The wavy, bright tresses are flowing?

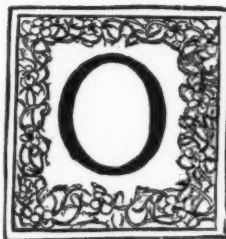
What though her figure is Venus's own,
Sweet to own!
Dear to own!
She is another lady in stone —
"Arms off!" her response to my praying.

The hammock, she says, "Was made for one."
Just for one!
Only one!

I may lie on the ground, in the sun,
And . . . "Please keep it gently swaying!"

Harry Romaine

THE AMBITIOUS GOAT.



ONCE upon a Time a Harlem Goat, grown weary of the Squalid Surroundings of Shantytown, and hungering for Something Better than a Diet of Brown Paper, determined to improve his Fortune by Travel.

Having made himself as Presentable as possible, he sought the fashionable Neighborhood of lower Central Park.

Here his good Appearance attracting Attention, he was Captured and employed to draw one of the Children's Pleasure Wagons in the Park; and from that time on, never knew a Minute that he could call his Own.

If you would shine in Society, you must be willing to bear the Burdens which it imposes.

G. E. Hanson.

IT HAS BEEN DONE.

TEACHER. — Has the North Pole been reached yet?

MUNRO BEADEL. — Yes, Ma'am.

TEACHER. — By whom, pray?

MUNRO BEADEL. — By "North Pole Pete, or The Esquimaux' Friend."

COULD SLEEP RIGHT THROUGH IT.

"Does your wife talk in her sleep?"

"No; but she frequently does in mine."

HIS SUMMERING.

He said: Long Branch was "out of date;" Lenox and Newport made him "tired;" But Catskill board, at dollars eight, Was "all that could have been desired."

THE WANING HONEYMOON.

"I don't know what makes me yawn so," said a bride on the Kitten-porch.

"I suppose it's from gazing so long at the Water Gap," replied her husband; "it's contagious, you know."

IN THE DRY GOODS DISTRICT.

"What was young Leonard White fired for?"

"The boss caught him in a lie."

"Was it a whopper?"

"Well, he said his salary was plenty big enough to suit him."

BEWARE OF SHATTERING YOUR IDEALS.

"He is my ideal."

"Then do not marry him."

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

PONDERTON. — The philosopher says: "Know thyself."

MISS DE MUIR (*yawning*). — How terribly bored some people would be if they knew themselves!

NOT TO BE AN EXCEPTION.

MRS. DE KAY NIGHN. —

'E is a good 'tittle doggie.

MR. NIGHN. — "Good!"

well, I wish I owned him.

MRS. NIGHN. — Why?

MR. NIGHN. — I was only thinking of the proverb: "The good die young."

CAUSE ENOUGH.

MAMIE. — Is n't Mr. Turtell a strange man? He seems to live wholly within himself.

GLADYS. — Well, it is no wonder he is troubled with indigestion.



ONE ROAD TO GLORY.

HON. JEDEDIAH HORNBLOWER (*of Wayback*). — Do you deal in photographs of celebrities?

DEALER. — Yes, sir.

HON. JEDEDIAH HORNBLOWER. — Wa-al, I'd like to leave a couple dozen o' mine with you. People here in New York don't seem to know me as well as they do up home!



HALF-TRUE TALES:

Stories founded on fiction.

By C. H. Augur (Morris Waite)

Illustrations by C. J. Taylor

TEACHER.*

I HAD TRAVELED along the shore of Lake Michigan once before, but not in the Summer-time; and the places which I had visited seemed unfamiliar now, lacking their former environment of ice and snow, so that I found some difficulty in pointing them out to Bob.

Bob was scouring the coast in the interest of the United States Fish Commission, conscientiously pursuing every fisherman who might supply him with "statistics."



It was one of those odd things which occasionally happen in this world that Bob and I should meet for the first time in a little lake village away up in Michigan, and there discover that we had lived within three blocks of each other for five years. This fact came out in the course of a conversation which took place after the hotel landlord had left us together in the one room which he was able to place at our disposal.

Bob hung his clothes on the bed-post that night, and left the solitary nail in the wall for me. When he took off his shoes he sat on the edge of the bed, so that I might have the chair. He breathed gently all night; and pretended to be asleep in the morning until I had used the wash-bowl and towel. Naturally, I was impressed with the belief that Bob was a considerate, unselfish, gentlemanly young fellow.

So it is that appearances are deceitful.

We traveled on together. The more I saw of Bob the better I liked him. We became chummy.

One day we had taken passage on a little steamboat — a very little steamboat — which was to convey us as far as John McNaughton's place, some forty miles further along shore.

Bob was sitting on a keg of nails, looking over his memorandum-book, and I lay on my back in a lot of old rope, vibrating with the motion of the little boat, as it puffed and spluttered and plowed its way through the placid waters.

"Is n't McNaughton's in sight yet, Captain?" asked Bob, twisting his head around toward the wheel-house.

The Captain took his pipe from his mouth, and pointed with the stem.

"It's in that little bay yonder," he said; "we'll be abreast of it in a minute."

The little steamer emitted a prolonged shriek, three times repeated, and turned her nose toward the land. A moment later the engine bell tinkled, the puffing ceased, and the Daisy came to a stop, half a mile from shore. We had reached our destination.

The engineer climbed out of the hold, filled his pipe, and sat on the rail with his legs hanging overboard, while the rest of us, in equally comfortable attitudes, watched the slow approach from shore of a heavy row-boat containing three men.

Suddenly the engineer slapped himself violently on the leg.

"Thunder!" he said; "I forgot to get them fish-hooks for P-Pete."

"What yer got, Cap?" called a big fellow, who stood in the stern of the approaching boat, sculling and steering with a long sweep.

"Passengers."

"Damn net agent?"

"Worse 'n that. State officers to see ef yer fishin' lawful mash."

They swung alongside, threw down their oars, and grasped the guard-rail. One of the men planted his fist in the engineer's ribs.

"Hello, Jim, you old cuss!" said he; "did you get them hooks?"

"What hooks?" asked Jim, with a perplexed look.

"Them trout-hooks I asked you to get."

"You never said anything to me about t-trout-hooks, P-Pete."

Pete took half a dozen handsome brook-trout from under the seat.

"I brought these out for you, Jim," he said; "but if you forgot them hooks, I'll give 'em to Cap."

"I was p-playin' yer, P-Pete," said Jim quietly; "they ain't a c-cursed hook in town the size you want. I p-paid for a dozen, an' they'll have 'em in to-m-m-morrer."

"Is he lyin', Cap?"

"Lyin' like a house a-fire. He ain't been off the boat to-day. Thanks."

The captain took the trout, stepped into the wheel-house, and gave the signal to go ahead. Jim climbed down into the hold, muttering his contempt for a man who would lie for a few sick-looking fish; then the Daisy churned water, and went on her fussy way.

Bob and I had taken our places in the fish-boat, and now the three men began to row and scull the ponderous craft slowly toward the shore.



The three were Bob's fast friends before the distance was covered;

for with his usual happy knack of making the most of circumstances, he had supplied them with a good assortment of snelled hooks from a tackle-book which he carried in his pocket.

This shows how Bob went about deceiving everybody with his jovial ways and generous acts.

It was nearly six o'clock when we landed. The cows stood by the little log-built barns, chewing their cuds, and McNaughton and his man-of-all-work were walking toward the house, each with a pail of milk.

"Couple of gentlemen to see you, John!"

Pete called out, and McNaughton waited until we had come up.

Shortly afterward, we were seated about the supper table in company with a dozen other men, helping ourselves to wheat pancakes, fried pork, warm biscuit, honey and fresh milk.

Aside from a little preliminary business talk between Bob and McNaughton, the meal was eaten in silence; and as fast as the men finished eating, they arose and sauntered out to the front of the house, where smudge fires were burning on the turf to drive away mosquitos. Bob and I had found these insects almost intolerable ever since we came ashore; but seated on the edge of the verandah after supper, inhaling the smoke from the smouldering wood, we were able to devote some attention to the conversation.

Pete and Alf and Jerry, the men who had brought us ashore in the boat, being inspired by the presence of strangers, told stories covering a wide and varied experience on sea and land; Bob and McNaughton discussed the best methods of protecting the fishing industry, while I did little but lean against the verandah post and listen.

Suddenly I was made aware of a new presence among us. Back in the shadow of the verandah, scarcely visible in the gathering darkness, a young woman was talking in low, musical tones to Billy McNaughton.



The conversation of the men went on, but I was amused to notice that it was all affected by the advent of this young person in the back-ground.

Bob's eagerness to receive and impart information concerning fish culture gave place to a sort of perfunctory questioning and absent-minded answering; the stories of the men grew softer in tone, and became imbued with a species of humor calculated to please the feminine mind.

Then Mrs. McNaughton and Nellie, having finished washing the dishes, joined the party, and gradually the conversation became general.

And Bob was the life of it all. The fellow was n't showy, but somehow he had a knack of introducing the right subjects and drawing everybody into the discussion of them.

He very adroitly engaged himself in an argument with the invisible young lady—who had now been addressed several times as "Teacher"—and the modesty and ability with which she carried her part won my sincere though silent admiration.

But for the first time, I began to feel a chafing sense of my inferiority to Bob as a conversationalist.

At nine o'clock, Teacher said "Good night," and went into the house. Then the talk grew uninteresting, and shortly afterward the party broke up.

It was stifling hot in the room to which Bob and I were escorted by Mr. McNaughton, and sleep with the window closed was out of the question. We placed our faith in the rude mosquito-bar rigged over the bed, and opened the window wide. Then we undressed, put out the light, and retired.

"It may be that my long enforced absence from the society of charming young ladies has made me especially susceptible," said Bob; "but it strikes me that this Teacher is something a little beyond the ordinary run. What do you think?"

"I think," said I, "that if you kick off this canopy we're lost; so keep your feet still."

I don't know which of us did the kicking, but after an hour or so of fitful sleep the enemy was upon us.

It was a frightful night. Six times we arose, lighted the lamp, and grimly, with set lips, re-arranged the canopy. Then, when we extinguished the light, the close, dark room would smell of kerosene oil; the mosquitos we had shut in with us would laugh mockingly at those outside, and we would perspire and groan and strike out blindly at the insects, and hit each other, and tear down the netting again; then we would roll to the edges of the bed and lie in the stillness of despair, while the countless thousands sang their maddening songs and the revelry and debauchery went on.

With the first gray light of dawn I arose, unwound a tattered rope of pink mosquito bar from my arms and legs, and dressed.

I stole softly out of the house and walked wearily through the dewy lane, past the barns and the patient, waiting cows, and out to the end of the dock.

Here there were no mosquitos, and the breeze from the lake was fresh, cool and delicious.

Sitting on the head of a salt-barrel, I felt my feverish irritation fade away like the clouds of mist which were lifting themselves off the water and rolling up over the tree-tops just distinguishable in the growing light.

And I began now to think of the musical voice I had heard in the darkness of the verandah, and to hope that I might meet Teacher very soon.

"Mosquitos drive you out?"

I turned and beheld Alf's tall form approaching.

"Yes," I said; "I could n't fight them any longer."

"They're pretty bad just now," he said, yawning and drawing on his coat.

He sat down on one of the barrels near me and gazed sleepily out on the water.

"Devil's own place for mosquitos, any way, this is," he said, after a while. "They'll be gone pretty soon, though."

"I should think it would be very pleasant here then," I remarked.

"It would be," he answered absently, "only—"

"Only what?"

"There'll be something else gone, too."

"What's that?"

"Teacher."

I started.

"But mebbe I'll go away, too," said Alf; "I've been thinkin' a good deal about it, lately. What do you think of her?"

He turned around, facing me.

"I should judge that she was a very attractive young lady," I answered.

"Make a splendid wife, don't you think? But here! I don't know what I'm talkin' this way for to a teetotal stranger, unless it's because there's nobody else around here I kin talk to. You won't say anything to Pete? He's comin' down on the dock, now."



He looked at me appealingly, and I promised. Then he got up and strolled shoreward, while Pete took his place on the salt-barrel.

"Goin' to have a swim?" asked Pete.

"Not this morning," I answered.

I was thinking of Alf. He was a big, manly sort of a fellow. I wondered if Teacher would marry him.

Pete came over and stood close to me.

"You may think it's funny, me askin' you the question I'm goin' to," he said; "but there's nobody around here I'd speak to about it, and I want to know."

I told him to go ahead.

"What's the right thing for a wedding ring?"

I told him what I understood to be the proper thing.

"If I should write to you after you get home, would you get me one?" he asked.

"On one condition," I replied.

"What's that?"

"Tell me now who the lady is."

"Teacher," he said softly; and with a face fiery red he walked out to the end of the dock, slipped off his clothes and jumped into the cool water.

"Good mornin'. Out early, ain't you?"

"Rather."

I was watching Pete as he struck out vigorously for deep water. He was a pretty decent fellow, too. I thought I should rather like to witness the contest between him and Alf for Teacher's hand and heart.

It was Jerry who had spoken; and he now took the seat vacated by Pete, stretched himself, rubbed his sleepy eyes and sat gazing at the planks in the dock for some moments. Then he looked at me.

"Say, you're all over," he said. "What's the chances for a feller in the city?"

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

"That's just what I don't know,"

he replied; and then, after looking furtively around, he added: "You're a stranger, and p'raps I'm foolish to tell you; but I want to get married by-and-by, and the gal's had more advantages than I have and I want to kinder hustle around and get ahead a little. See?"

"Yes," I replied; "and I'm interested enough to ask who this young lady is, if you don't mind telling me."

"It's Teacher—but I'll see you later," he added hurriedly. "Don't say nothing."

I heard footsteps approaching leisurely as Jerry went off to join Pete, and then a sad-faced man named Adam, whom I had noticed the night before sitting silent among the others, slowly seated himself on the barrel, and, with his elbows on his knees and his hands hanging wearily down, gazed into space.

"Kinder lonely here."

I could not possibly tell whether he addressed himself or me, so I did not answer.

"I've found it so sence my woman died, any way," he said, after a while, in the same far-away voice.

I thought it best not to interrupt him.

"I can always say I was a good husband to that woman," was the next remark. "And I'd be a good husband to any woman."

I remained speechless, and there was an interval of silence during which he sighed heavily two or three times. Then in the same voice and with his gaze far out to sea—"There's that crane pokin' around out there on the reef again. He's there every mornin'."

I followed the direction of his eyes, and away out beyond a distant point of land I saw a long-legged bird stepping about in the shallow water.

"Are there many of them around here?" I asked.

He appeared to rouse himself slightly.

"They's only one that I'd have," he answered; "but I've about made up my mind to marry that one."

"Teacher?" I asked.

He turned his eyes slowly toward me.

"She ain't a bad one, is she?" he said;

and then, not waiting for an answer, he walked slowly to the other end of the dock and sat down by himself.

I followed him with my eyes until he had taken his seat, and then turned my head to see Billy McNaughton standing before me tugging at his suspender and rubbing the top of one barefoot with the bottom of the other.

"Hello, Billy!" I said; "school to-day?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Pretty tough on boys to have to go to school this weather, is n't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"But they all have to do it."

"My little boys won't."

"Why not?"



"They kin learn at home. I'm goin' to marry Teacher when I grow up."

I came near making a mortal enemy of Billy McNaughton by laughing long and loud; but I restrained myself, and together we walked up toward the house.

"That poor devil, Bob," I thought, "has missed this invigorating lake breeze, and I suppose he is still engaged in trying to sleep and fight mosquitos at the same time." I felt a strong desire to tell him at the earliest opportunity about my morning experience with Teacher's admirers.

It was so very funny, I knew he'd like to hear it.



As we walked away from the water, I saw that the morning breeze had been strong enough to drive the mosquitos into the woods, and all the clearing was free from them; and instead of finding Bob in a state of feverish exhaustion I found him sitting on the verandah, as fresh as a daisy, engaged in a most agreeable chat with Teacher.

He looked at me in feigned surprise.

"Why, old man," he said; "I was just telling Miss Jeffries that something horrible had happened to you. When I woke up an hour ago, the mosquitos were all gone and so were you; there was evidence of a struggle in the room, and I supposed of course they had carried you off."

I could n't think of just the right thing to say in answer to this sally; and having made some commonplace remark which fell flat, I again felt that unreasonable irritation and envy of Bob's superior accomplishments.

Teacher was pretty and bright, and her "Good morning" to me was accompanied by as sweet a smile as one could wish for.

I wondered if she was a flirt—if she had been amusing herself with every man about the place—if she was amusing herself now with Bob. I suddenly resolved not to tell Bob about her other admirers but to give her a hint of the facts as soon as I should be a little better acquainted with her. I knew I could see at once by her behavior whether she had been playing with them or whether she was as innocent as she seemed.

Billy McNaughton asked me to play ball, and as I stood with the bat in my hand Bob made one of his bright remarks and Teacher laughed aloud. Just then Billy threw.

I hit the ball viciously, and then sat down in the shade with a smile of wicked satisfaction while poor

barefooted Billy chased it over a distant fence, and poked around for it among the weeds and briers.

After breakfast, Bob and I went out with the men to "lift" pound nets. There were two boats, bound in different directions, and as one extra man in a boat was sufficiently obstructive, Bob went with one, and I with the other.

When we came back with our load of fish, it was nearly noon, and I started off at once to carry out a happily conceived plan to meet Teacher on her way from school and to learn something about her if I possibly could. I had become strangely anxious to get a deeper insight of this young lady's character.

I hastened through the lane, past the house and up the road which skirted the edge of the bluff and led into the woods. As I approached the little log school-house, I saw Teacher coming toward me, accompanied by two or three children and my unselfish, considerate friend Bob.

I retired into the thicket far enough for them to pass merrily along the road without observing me; and then I plodded back to the house alone. I could have knocked Billy McNaughton's ball into the middle of Lake Michigan.

After dinner Bob walked back to the school-house; at a quarter of four in the afternoon he remarked in his jovial way that he had an agreeable duty to perform, and off he went for Teacher again. At the open-air gathering in the evening he fairly outdid himself in the exercise of his remarkable conversational powers, greatly to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton and some others, but not all; for at least four of the men left the company and went to bed very early.

The next day Bob and I sat on the deck of the little steamer "Daisy," gazing back at the receding house and barns and dock that made up McNaughton's.

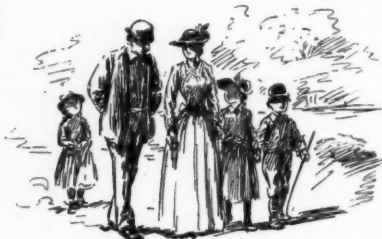
"I suppose you're glad to get away," I said with all the irony I was capable of putting into a sentence of that length.

"Yes," he replied, still gazing at the distant buildings. "I want to finish up my reports for this shore, and—"

"Get home, eh?" said I.

He did not answer.

Our ways parted that night, and when we met again it was in our own city. I did not tell Bob about the early morning talks on McNaughton's dock, nor have I ever told Teacher. But I believe I will run around to Bob's house and read this manuscript to both of them before I have the story printed.



THE WRONG FLAVOR.

MRS. BEACH.—I think you have made a slight mistake.

GROCEER.—How so, Madam?

MRS. BEACH.—This sand tastes salty. I wanted it sweetened.

BETTER OFF THAN THE OLD MAN.

"No," said the old man; "I can't go inter sassiety, because I ain't got no gran'father; but, I tell you, my gran'children's got one; and, oh! how they do go it!"

A SAFE EXPERIMENT DURING THE SEASON.



YOUTH ON FENCE (to HURRYING STRANGER).—Slide, yer chump; slide!



HURRYING STRANGER (having slid).—Judgement! (Grasping the situation).—Say, you pup, I'll club your ear off, if I catch you!



GREAT ENJOYMENT.

MRS. DU MOULIN (who has just returned from three months at the seashore).—Tom, why don't you take the children to Coney Island, to-morrow? You really ought to have some recreation!

WILLING TO DO HIS BEST.

"Johnny," said the pretty teacher; "what is a kiss?"
"I can't exactly put it in words," returned the boy; "but if yer really wanten know, I can show yer."

OPPOSING OPINIONS.

MRS. SCRIPTURE.—The Rev. Mr. Glimmer hides his light under a bushel, I think.

MISS VINNY GARRISH.—How wasteful! A pint would more than hide it.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

TREASURER OF RAILROAD.—The receipts are growing to be enormous.

PRESIDENT.—Yes; we must have a receiver appointed.

A WHITE HEAT.—One that is run on the square.

NOT BORN TO BE DROWNED.



LIFE SAVER.—Keep up a minute longer
—I'll take you in all right.

INSINUATING.

"Dot coadt is fife dollars. You take idt for two," said Mosenstein.

"Why do you give me such a tremendous discount?" asked Browne.

"Idt is my 'regular customers' disgount."

"But I am not a regular customer."

"Nodt yet. No. But you will be."

THE MAN who returns dead-broke from vacation is as melancholy as an open Summer horse-car in a rain-storm.



RESCUED BATHER.—My friend, you have saved my life, and in return I would like to insure yours—here's one of our circulars—I always carry a few with me.

ART VS. BUSINESS.

D'AUBER.—It is wonderful how much work a man can do in a year when he applies himself to it!

FRAIME.—It is, indeed. Take Smeere, for instance. He spent a year in Paris, and the last twenty-five pictures he has painted are signed "Smeere, Paris '86."

FROM MY WINDOW.

SHE SITS and sews—what arts refine
The work of fingers feminine—
The mingled hues of light and gray
That make life's patchwork and crochet;
She weaves and weaves so prettily
The lines of Time's embroidery!
The web of some man's life is wrought
In subtle workings of her thought.
I watch her from my window sill—
Night and the day she's sewing still.
I waft a kiss, and close the blind,
And watch the lattice-work behind.
I know, alas! she has a beau,
Coarse-threaded, with the broadest seams,
Unfit for the fine hemstitched dreams
Of any fair Miss Sew and Sew!

J. D. Miller.

A WARY PLAYER.

JACKSON.—Ef yo' are broke, Sam, put up yoah razzar, an' I'll gib yo' five chips on it.

JOHNSON.—Wha' 's dat?—An' leave me 'tirely at yoah mercy?—Not much, sah!

A BAD FEELING.

KAMMERER.—How do you feel when a man strikes you?

HAMMERER.—I feel for him.

AT SEA GIRT.

"Jerusalem!" cried Henderson, as the hotel band struck up "Annie Rooney." "I came here for a change of air, but it does n't seem possible to get it."

GETTING HIS WARES DOWN.

"Dear me, Wagg! What are you doing with all those bundles of MSS?"

"They're my rejected stuff."

Hunker, Bunker and Traddles are going to start a new periodical, and I have been asked to write 'em something."



ALAS!

MISS YELLOWLEAF.—How many times do you suppose I have been engaged?

MISS DE MENOR.—Once too seldom.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Oh, girls!" cried Amy Toure;
"Papa is going to get me a camera, and I'm going to have it so pretty! I hate black, and so I'm going to have it lined with pink."

HEROIC MEASURES.

"My son is in love with my wife's maid, Doctor. Is there any possible cure?"

"Yes. Let him marry her. He'll get over it."

A REDEEMING FEATURE.

"I don't see how you can stand that fellow Harlow!"

"Why not? There are certain things about him that I like immensely."

"For instance?"

"A steam yacht."

IT IS NOT at all likely that Raleigh would ever have set the world a-smoking if he could have foreseen the invention of the cigarette.

PHIL. ANTHROP.—Well, Waiter, you have a curious life here. What do you find the pleasantest hour of the day?

WAITER.—A half passed one, sir.





J. Keppler

"IN SUSPE
GIANT BLAINE.—To eat or not to eat — that is the question! I suppose I



N SUSPENSE."

n! I suppose I ought to be dieting — but would n't he make a juicy mouthful!



CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER.

"It's very strange you did n't stop the car at once!"
 "Ye must blame ther horses, Mum. Yer see, they have n't their blinders on!"

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS TEAZER.

An Elephant, which had long been Annoyed by an agile Monkey which had perched upon his Back and succeeded in Foiling all efforts to Dislodge him, at last came to Terms.

"I will do anything in my Power for you," said he, "if you will only let me Alone."

"Well," returned the Monkey, "I am tired of making my Living in the ordinary Way. It makes me weary to climb Trees after my Cocoanuts. With your huge Body you can easily crush to Earth the next Palm-tree we come across. Then leave me there to Rest, and to grow Fat on the Spoils."

"But that is Destruction!" cried the Elephant.

"Call it what you Will," answered the Monkey; "I leave you Alone on no other Conditions."

And the Elephant, with sore Heart, was obliged to Submit.

Public officers who have dealings with those Patriots who would serve their Country in salaried Positions may see the Application of this Fable.

G. E. Hanson.

VERY LIKELY.

Mr. Wanamaker's present dilemma in regard to his own acts is probably due to his habit of not letting his right hand know what his left hand is doing.

THE MODERN STANDPOINT.

"It is impossible."

"Nothing is impossible."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes. I once was a reporter on a New York daily paper."

"THE OULD DART" — Cupid's.



PUCK'S ILLUSTRATED DEFINITIONS.

"Tipping the Scales."

AN OBJECT LESSON.

A Socialist who believed in the Equality of Man so devoutly that it made him Writhe if another person drank Four glasses of Beer to his Three, once called upon a Dime Museum Manager of his acquaintance, and held forth on the theme nearest to his Heart.

"Look you," said the wise Manager, pointing across the hall to the Two-headed Girl. "There is a community, though a small one, that lives in perfect Equality. But is it Happy? If I give One Mouth ice-cream, and the Other broiled lobster, do not horrors ensue? If One Hat has more ribbons than the Other, will it not cause Jealousy and Bickerings? If One would go Out, and the Other stay In, is there not Misery? — Surely you would n't try to run the Body-Politic on this Basis!"

G. E. Hanson.

A PUZZLE TO THE GEOGRAPHERS.

COLUMBUS STANLEY. — There are really no undiscovered regions on the earth now.

SHAUN LAMB. — Is that so? I guess you never tried to discover the location of some of the gold mines offered for sale on Wall Street.



JUST IN TIME.

CAMERA FIEND. — If you 'll kindly keep that pose for one moment, sir, I 'll get one of the finest plates I ever took in my life!

TIT FOR TAT.

BLEECKER. — We New Yorkers spend four million dollars a year for umbrellas. You Philadelphians can't make a showing like that.

CHESTNUT. — No; we have sense enough to go in when it rains.

OVERHEARD IN CITY HALL PARK.

"Muldoon is n't an American. He's a foreigner, and I —"
 "Foreigner? He's nothing of the sort. He's an Irishman."

TO COMPARE NEW THINGS WITH OLD.

STAYATT HOLMES (to returned tourist). — What is Pompeii like, any how?

TROTTERLY. — A good deal like New York; all dug up, you know.

THE PRINCE OF WALES seems to act on the British public at present as a counter-irritant.

A PAYING BUSINESS — Settling Your Debts.

YOU MUST N'T think because a man keeps a steam-yacht instead of a sail-boat that he can't raise the wind.



THE MODERN PYRAMUS.

SCENE.—Office of MESSRS. FRANKLIN & WHITE.

MAIL CLERK (*stepping from telephone box*).—Here, Carpenter, somebody wants you.

CARPENTER.—'Ll righ'! (*Nods abstractedly, and totes a long column of figures before entering the "box."* The faint scratch of pens and rustle of paper alone break the silence, until the OFFICE BOY, catching a glimpse of CARPENTER'S rapturous countenance, slyly opens the door, and fastens it back by a chair). CARPENTER (*oblivious, and talking into the telephone*).—You poor darling! And you did n't sleep a bit all the night? I do wonder (*archly*) what you could have been thinking of. (*Pause.*) No, I don't. Well, may be I do; but—you tell me!

OFFICE BOY (*sotto voce, but audible to the clerical staff*).—For pity's sake, tell him! Dis suspense is killin' me!

CARPENTER (*still to telephone*).—Were you? Were you, really? Did you think of your horrid old boy? (*Pause.*) Yes, he is horrid, too. But he loves you so he can't help being glad you—oh, my beautiful darling! (*Passionately.*) Do you love me? (*Pause.*) Do you love me, just a little bit? (*Tenderly.*) Do you love me? (*A little disheartened now, but still tender.*)

OFFICE BOY (*encouragingly, but sotto voce*).—Never say die!

BOOK-KEEPER (*with unfeeling scorn, also sotto voce*).—Oh, come off!

CARPENTER (*at it again*).—Do—you—love—me? (*Pause.*) I asked you (*in patient despair*) if you loved me?

MAIL CLERK (*sotto voce*).—Spell it!

BOOK-KEEPER (*sotto voce*).—Ring up the Trouble Clerk.

CARPENTER.—Yes; I knew it! I only wanted (*suddenly lapsing again into tenderness*) to hear you say you did. Tell me one more time.

OFFICE BOY (*sotto voce*).—He wants de eart' and heav'n, too.

CARPENTER.—You *know* I never loved any one but you!

MAIL CLERK (*sotto voce*).—Ah, there! How about that Baltimore girl?

CARPENTER.—Ye-es. I slept—a little. But I dreamed of you all night long!

CARPENTER'S ROOM MATE (*sotto voce*).—I bet he slept!

CARPENTER.—And I dreamed you—but you will think me awfully silly.

SARCASTIC CHORUS (*sotto voce*).—Oh, no!

CARPENTER.—Well, I dreamed that you—that you—kissed me!

ENTHUSIASTIC CHORUS (*sotto voce*).—Um—um!

CARPENTER.—Well, I was pretty busy; but that does n't matter.

JUNIOR PARTNER (*sotto voce*).—Oh, does n't it?

CARPENTER.—I'll come early. Good-by—you know how I would like to tell you good-by, don't you?

CHORUS (*arising to the occasion, aloud*).—We do! (*Kissing the backs of their hands.*) Smack! smack!!! smack!!! smack!!!!

CARPENTER (*looking around, and suddenly taking in the situation; in agony*).—Good-by! (*Is about to ring off.*) Nothing! Indeed, there's nothing the matter! (*Pause.*)

Anybody hear us? Why, of course not!

CHORUS (*aloud*).—Oh, no! Of course not!

CARPENTER.—You know I do—Why do you want me to say it? (*Suppressed laughter.*) Well, then, I—I—oh, you know I do!

BOOK-KEEPER (*heartlessly*).—See him squirm.

CARPENTER (*nearly crazy*).—Indeed, I—I—I love—oh, hang it all! (*Dashes from the box and flees into the hall in desperation, leaving the OFFICE BOY to ring off.*)

CHORUS (*with a sigh of relief*).—Ah-h-h!

S. J. E.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.



MISS EFFIE WAITE (*who has had no luck as yet*).—There comes that dear little Simpkins! If he gives me the least opportunity, I'll wager I won't be left this time.



MR. SIMPKINS.—It affords me great pleasure, Miss Effie, to see you. What beautiful surroundings this place has! I love, oh, I love—



—Ow—wow! Murder! Police! Miss WAITE.—No, no, love; don't be frightened. I'm a little impulsive; but we will soon get used to one another.

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FOR INSTANCE.

EDITOR.—The only way to succeed in the newspaper business is to give the people what they want.

FRIEND.—Have you got a ten-dollar bill you can let me have?

THE FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—Can you tell me how to become a good poet?

EDITOR.—Oh, yes! The very first thing for you to do is to die. All the good ones are dead.

AT RETAIL.

"Ink is cheap."

"I don't know about that. I left a pen full on the back of a note once that cost me two thousand five hundred dollars."

THE WORK WAS PERFORMED.

MR. WILDWEST.—You surely do not mean to say you're English. Why, you don't drop your h's!

MR. TEWKSBURY-PODD.—No; me valet attends to that for me.

A CURE FOR VANITY.

"It is an odd thing; Jones is such a modest man that I never saw him look in the glass; and yet he wears the loudest kind of neckties."

"He does n't dare to look in the glass, my boy. His wife buys his neckties."

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A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

J. BUNKER SNIDE.—I've lost my umbrella, old fellow.

JOHN B. SMITH.—It had your name on it, too, did n't it?

"Yes."

"Good enough! Now you can get another."

"Another umbrella?"

"No; another name."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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"I'D LIKE to just ask Deuce why he's such a blockhead!"

"Oh, he wooden't tell."

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There stands an ordinary lamp, but it's so much bother to light it that you light the gas instead. If it was our lamp, with our easy lighting device, you'd light it as easily as the gas by a mere turn of the wrist. A new wrinkle.

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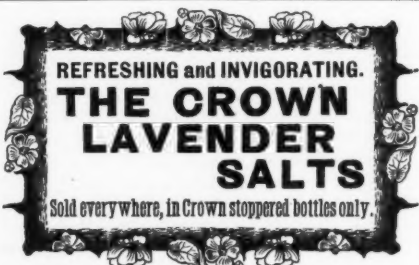
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Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle *Shandon Bells Perfume*.



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Advance Information

on

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The staple patterns are solids, mixtures and stripes, while the novelties consist of Unsheared Worsteds, Bedford Weaves, and Scotch Cheviots.

The popular style for Business Wear will be a repetition of last year, "The Double-Breasted Sack," while the Three-Button Cutaway has the call for Semi-Dress.

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AT THE RECEPTION.

"That is an unusually intelligent looking waiter over there."

"Yes. He is the *Weekly Slanderer's* 'Man of Society.' This is the way he gets his information."

A SURE SIGN.

"Is Von Schleim a great writer?"

"He must be. His publishers are getting out an expurgated edition of his works."

THE ONLY WAY TO GET THEM.

GOTHAMITE.—Why do you take your lasso into the restaurant with you?

WESTERNER.—I want to capture a waiter.

SHREWD.

EDITOR.—Why do you call your poem "Youth"?

POET.—So that it would be sure not to come back to me.

THE TRAMP.

"How did you find the tramp?"

"Resting easily."

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All the Back-
Numbers of
PUCK'S LIBRARY?
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WHAT'S IN A NAME.

CUSTOMER (to WAITER).—What is your name?

WAITER.—Fee.

CUSTOMER.—U'm—what is your first name?

WAITER.—Tip.

A SOLUTION AT ANY COST.

GIDDINGS.—Did they catch the fellow that tried to pick Mrs. Waight's pocket yesterday?

RAWLEY.—No; but he gave himself up.

GIDDINGS.—What did he do that for?

RAWLEY.—To force her to testify whether she had a pocket or not.

A TRIBUTE.

RIDLEY.—I see the papers say old Ralston's funeral procession was two hours in crossing Broad Street. I did n't think he was so popular.

CARLTON.—There was a horse-car blockade on Broad Street. He was a director of the line. See?

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"But it was suppressed."

"That's why he made his fortune."

IN THE TEETH OF THE "SAW."

PARROTT (whose mind is a mere index of quotations).—The only way to make money rapidly, my boy, is to turn it over rapidly.

WIGGINS (who regards conditions more than theories).—Don't know about that. When our friend Jack Borrowit pays up a loan he'll hardly let the money get cold in your pocket before he's after it again!

THERE ARE HUNDREDS LIKE HIM.

SMITH.—One of Jones's sons was an idiot. What became of him?

BROWN.—He got a position as a truck-driver, and is getting along well.

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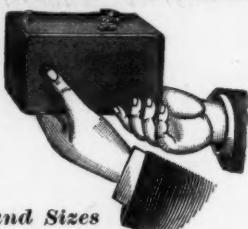
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TO ME TO TELL TO OTHERS.)

"Malarum dulce lenimen."

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Sovereign cure for earthly ills,
Filling the void that nought else fills,
Pills and powders! Powders and pills!

I.—THE APPETITE TAKETH ITS BEGINNING.
In the crib the baby lies
Crying, his wants to emphasize;
He has no thought of the doctor's bills —
All he wants is powders and pills.

II.—IT PERMEATEETH THE YOUTH OF OUR LAND.
"What holiday presents for Charley and Jack?"
In certain tones the answer comes back:
"A knife wot cuts and a gun wot kills,
An ocean of powders and a mountain of pills."

III.—IT GIVETH COMFORT TO THE FEMALE
YEAPENING.

Sweet is the diet of Vassar — yum! yum!! —
Olives and pickles and Huyler's and gum, —
And yet with joy the college thrills
When comes the annual load of pills.



IV.—BUT THE CHAPPIE SCORNETH THE
HUMBLE FOOD.

Chappies out till day-light red,
Naturally wake with concomitant head,
Vichy and soda as "bracers" they seek,
Instead of the powders and pills so meek.

V.—AND BACCHUS CRIETH OUT: "NOT THIS
PILL, SOME OTHER PILL."

See the man with the red, red nose!
'T is not the red that on the peach blows —
What solace has he in the pills that cheer?
His only pills is the Pils-ner beer.

EPILOGUE.

Is life worth living? How bear the ills
That flesh is heir to, without sweet pills?
Sugar-coated and flavored with squills,
What so good as powders and pills?

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"Murphy thinks wisdom will die with him."
"He does?"
"Yes, really."
"Well, I guess he's right."
"You do?"
"Yes; 'most anything would."

A WHICH.

"That girl is a witch."
"A what?"
"No; a witch."

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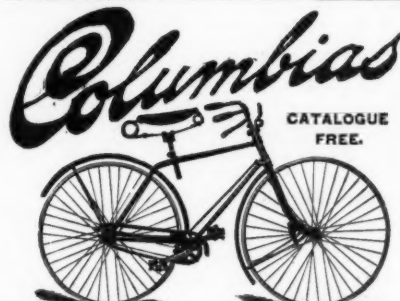
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